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in an additional wrapping of maple leaves. The trench was then filled up with hot ashes and sand, and the fire drawn over it, and it was left to bake. The partridge was filled with the same dressing, and spitted on a maple branch laid on two forked sticks driven into the ground. A piece of pork held over it in the heat supplied basting material. This all out of the way, and the potatoes boiled, I put some cranberries on the fire, and taking some more of the bread, set it to soak in one of the frying-pans to make a pudding. Unfortunately, Bill had upset the milk and spilled the larger half, and Angler had drank part of what remained, so the pudding must perforce be plain, but what milk there was went in, and the cranberries, when cooked enough, with sugar "to taste," made up the composition of this dish, which was placed, covered with a pan, on a bed of coals and ashes under the immediate care of the fire, to wait its turn in the courses. Moodie took the other frying-pan to fry some of the smaller fish in, and so our bill of fare was made out.

Angler and Bill, meanwhile, were busy getting the bed ready. A quantity of hemlock limbs were cut, and the small branches picked off, avoiding all twigs large enough to make hard points to lie on, and spread evenly on the ground, to the thickness of three or four inches. By the time this was completed, the dinner was ready. Angler and Student, half famished, fell at the fried fish, and had partly made their dinners before I could dig my colossus out of his bed. Then, laying him on a large piece of bark, and carefully unrolling the coatings of leaves and paper, with which came the skin also, there lay a dish which would have made a gourmand's heart dance—the rich, deep red, salmon-like, and the delicious odor, exciting anew the admiration of all. I had said nothing of the dressing, and this, therefore, was a new surprise. I laid a portion of it on Angler's dish, and the ejaculative praise he bestowed on it would have satisfied a *chef de cuisine*. "Ah!" said he, "this beats all the fish I ever ate in my life. I give it up to you in the cooking, though I did not believe anybody could tell me anything in that line, so far as fish were concerned." "But, wait," said I, "there is partridge to eat." The fish-bones were thrown out by way of changing plates, and the partridge carved and the bones picked clean. "Anything else?" asked Student, at the same moment that Angler burst out with, "What you got in that pan by the fire?" I replied by setting the pudding in the midst and uncovering it. It was eaten without other sauce than the merriment it gave rise to, and we withdrew to make room for the guides, who preferred eating by themselves, as they had their own tea, an article we dispensed with.

The good humor had become universal; and, as we threw ourselves on the bed, Angler and Student with their cigars, and I, not being a smoker, with my dreams, Bill and Moodie became the *dramatis personæ*. "Bill, you got the dew-dods?" roared the latter, to which Bill made response by bringing forth a small tin teapot and a brown paper containing the tea, and proceeded to "make the tea." There was a rough sort of backwoods humor in them, and the stimulus of the Chinese leaf

brought it out in full force. To us, it was new, both in kind and material, and we were in convulsions of laughter until sleep-time. Neither of them were remarkable for personal beauty, and the force of their wit was expended on their physical peculiarities. Bill had very red hair, and Moodie called gravely to him to hold his head, he wanted to light his pipe. Bill retorted by telling him that he couldn't smoke, for his jaws were as winding as a crust of bread, and he wouldn't know where to put the pipe in. "You lazy cuss," rejoined Moodie, "get away from the fire; your shins will be so warped you won't get your boots off to-night, and you shan't get into bed with me with 'em on," and so repartee followed attack, until the tea was exhausted and bed-time came, when all hands turned out to cut and fetch wood for the night's fire. Three or four large balsams and dead spruces were felled, and chopped into lengths of six or eight feet, and piled by the fire. Then a green birch, to keep the fire, was served in like manner, and we prepared for sleep by throwing about a cord of the logs on, with two or three pieces of the birch uppermost, then, wrapping our blankets around us, lay down, as before, side by side. Moodie was asleep and snoring before our eyes had twinkled; and Angler shouted stentorally to him, "Shut up your dew-dod till we get to sleep," a command which I presume he obeyed, for I heard no more of him until morning.

A SKETCH.

It is Sunday, and the little Austrian village feels the influence of the day. The citizens walk about, dressed in their finest. The peasants come trooping along the highway, they pour down the hill-sides, and the last stroke of the church-bell finds the accumulated population of many miles around hushed for the mass. Don't laugh at them—those burghers, with the dress and airs that are meant to be metropolitan. Don't laugh at them—those country dames and damsels, with caps of gold tissue and yards of broad bright ribbon dangling down their backs. They are here to worship with all their mind—with all their heart, and with all their strength—after their fashion.

Perhaps you would rather see less display and less poverty—fewer ribbons and more cleanliness. Have patience! The fumes from the censor will soon mask this mephitic manifestation of neglected humanity.

I assist with pleasure at these shows. The sight of so many human creatures worshipping touches me, and when the organ peals, and all the people chant, the tears rush into my eyes. I see the picture of the dying Lord through wreaths of sunlit smoke, and the stone building vibrating to the sound, seems to thrill and tremble at the real presence. I take my stand near an old woman, old from cares apparently, and from woe and grief, rather than from years, and I watch her withered face as it kindles, I listen to her voice as it rises and strengthens with the hymn.

I cannot but feel that, in this institution, these people have a great blessing. I wish that the priest who has taught them Latin prayers, would have also taught them to

wash themselves, and not to obliterate the form and impede the movements of their bodies with frippery. Alas! the same gold that gleams from their clothes glitters on the altar and on the priest's back; it dazzles the eye that would see the elevated Host!

It is a system, and great minds have tried to mend it and have been nonplussed. We must let it alone. Religion, said a bishop to a friend of mine, must be made thick enough to be felt.*

What I think might be remedied is, the establishment kept by a Jew ten steps away from the church door, where wine and schnapps are dealt out to the worshippers for their money, after the mass is over. I have a great respect for liberty, and am, pretty nearly, an out-and-out free-trade man, but, if I were an Austrian minister, I would use physical force to keep that Jew within the Mosaic six days wherein to do all his work of destruction. A Protestant clergyman read a sermon here a few weeks since to a few persons, and got a visit from the lieutenant of police, and an intimation that another offence would be followed by condign punishment. The Jew sends crowds out of his shop every Sunday with fire in their stomachs and hell in their eyes, with impunity. Can you explain this? In America, I could understand one part of it very well. In Austria, where the government is paternal, I cannot. Instruments to perform its orders are surely not wanting. They are effective, and they ask no questions. I was walking, the other day, in Vienna, with an Austrian friend, and stopped to observe a body of Galician lancers as they rode by. They were fine men and well mounted. Men and beasts looked well cared for, sleek and clean, sound and effective. There, said my friend (who spoke English imperfectly), see those soldiers: not one has yet ever seen a twenty kreutzer piece, yet, how nice they are! They would have run their own fathers through the day after they were enrolled, without winking. "God preserve us!" cried I. "Yes, sir, and only one thing puzzles them—how a man can keep a brandy shop; because, if it was he, he would drink it all up and never stop!"

There are two ways of governing both man and beast. The cavesson, the bit, the whip, and spur, are effective: they are simple, too, and they soon enable us to substitute our own will for the natural instincts and volitions of the noblest and most generous of quadrupeds and of bipeds. The horse becomes a machine, and the jaded hack dies, at last, in the knacker's yard—his vital energy gone, he gives all that is left of his noble being to civilization, his hide to the tanner, his meat to dogs and fowls, his bones to the button maker. The Arab's steed lies prostrate in his master's tent; his back is weary with the weight of his friend, but his flanks still form a cushion for the children. They pet his noble neck and play with his innocent lips. If they hurt him, he admonishes them, and their parent watches them lest

* As compared with the precepts, the lives of these people may be anything but pure, yet I cannot but think that they are the better and happier for those precepts. As their voices follow with a discordant note the grand tones of the organ, yet, on the whole, make a certain harmony with it; so, despite of vices and folly, they are, as a mass, Christian; and if their Christianity be imperfect, let us remember that their religion is to their rulers a political engine quite as much as a moral discipline.

their sport become his punishment. What is the result of these two modes of discipline? We have excellent horses, but they keep the breed. We refresh our exhausted race from that source of vitality and high qualities, and ask of love new victims for selfishness, new capacity to endure pain. How philosophically do the people characterize the education we give to these beasts when they say that the horse is broken—thoroughly broken! What more natural than that a broken sire should beget fractions of sons. So we ask barbarians for pure blood, and confess that our system, like a withering fire, consumes its own elements.

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

No. 3.—THE VILLA.

1. THE MOUNTAIN VILLA.—LAGO DI COMO.

(Continued.)

HAVING considered the propriety of the approach, it remains for us to investigate the nature of the feelings excited by the villas of the Lago di Como in particular, and of Italy in general. We mentioned that the bases of the mountains bordering the Lake of Como, were chiefly composed of black marble; black, at least, when polished, and very dark grey in its general effect. This is very finely stratified in beds, varying in thickness from an inch to two or three feet; and these beds taken of a medium thickness form flat slabs, easily broken into rectangular fragments, which, being excessively compact in their grain, are admirably adapted for a building material. There is a little pale limestone among the hills to the south; but this marble, or primitive limestone (for it is not highly crystalline), is not only more easy of access, but a more durable stone. Of this, consequently, almost all the buildings on the lake shore are built; and, therefore, were their material unconcealed, would be of a dark, monotonous, and melancholy grey tint, equally uninteresting to the eye, and depressing to the mind. To prevent this result, they are covered with different compositions, sometimes white, more frequently cream-colored, and of varying depth; the mouldings and pilasters being frequently of deeper tones than the walls. The insides of the grottoes, however, when not cut in the rock itself, are left uncovered, thus forming a strong contrast with the whiteness outside; giving great depth, and permitting weeds and flowers to root themselves on the roughnesses, and rock streams to distill through the fissures of the dark stones; while all parts of the building to which the eye is drawn, by their form or details (except the capitals of the pilasters), such as the urns, the statues, the steps, or balustrades, are executed in very fine white marble, generally from the quarries of Carrara, which supply quantities of fragments of the finest quality, which, nevertheless, owing to their want of size, or to the presence of conspicuous veins, are unavailable for the higher purposes of sculpture. Now, the first question is, is this very pale color desirable? It is to be hoped so, or else the whole of Italy must be pronounced full of

impropriety. The first circumstance in its favor, is one which, though connected only with lake scenery, we shall notice at length, as it is a point of high importance in our own country. When a small piece of quiet water reposes in a valley, or lies embosomed among crags, its first beauty is derived from our perception of crystalline depth, united with excessive slumber. In its limited surface we cannot get the sublimity of extent, but we may have the beauty of peace and the majesty of depth. The object must therefore be, to get the eye off its surface, and to draw it down, to beguile it into that fairy land underneath, which is more beautiful than what it repeats, because it is all full of dreams unattainable and illimitable. This can only be done by keeping its edge out of sight, and guiding the eye off the land into the reflection; as if it were passing into a mist, until it finds itself swimming into the blue sky, with a thrill of unfathomable falling. (If there be not a touch of sky, at the bottom, the water will be disagreeably black, and the clearer the more fearful.) Now, one touch of white reflection of an object at the edge, will destroy the whole illusion, for it will come like the flash of light on armor, and will show the surface, not the depth: it will tell the eye whereabouts it is; will define the limit of the edge; and will turn the dream of limitless depth into a small, uninteresting, reposeless piece of water. In all small lakes or pools, therefore, steep borders of dark crag or of thick foliage, are to be obtained, if possible; even a shingly shore will spoil them; and this was one reason, it will be remembered, for our admiration of the color of the Westmoreland cottage, because it never broke the repose of water by its reflection. But this principle applies only to small pieces of water, on which we look down, as much as along the surface. As soon as we get a sheet, even if only a mile across, we lose depth; first, because it is almost impossible to get the surface without a breeze on some part of it; and again, because we look along it, and get a great deal of sky in the reflection, which, when occupying too much space, tells as mere flat light. But we may have the beauty of extent in a very high degree; and it is therefore desirable to know how far the water goes, that we may have a clear conception of its space. Now, its border, at a great distance, is always lost, unless it be defined by a very distinct line; and such a line is harsh, flat, and cutting on the eye. To avoid this, the border itself should be dark as in the other case, so that there may be no continuous horizontal line of demarkation; but one or two bright, white objects should be set here and there, along or near the edge: their reflections will flash on the dark water, and will inform the eye in a moment of the whole distance and transparency of the surface it is traversing. When there is a slight swell on the water, they will come down in long, beautiful, perpendicular lines, mingling exquisitely with the streaky green of reflected foliage; when there is none, they become a distinct image of the object they repeat, endowed with infinite repose. These remarks, true of small lakes whose edges are green, apply with far greater force to sheets of water on which the eye passes over ten or twenty miles in one long glance, and the prevailing color of whose borders is,

as we noticed when speaking of the Italian cottage, blue. The white reflections are here excessively valuable, giving space, brilliancy, and transparency; and furnish one very powerful apology, even did other objections render an apology necessary, for the pale tone of the color of the villas, whose reflections, owing to their size and conspicuous situation, always take a considerable part in the scene, and are therefore things to be attentively considered in the erection of such buildings, particularly in a climate whose calmness renders its lakes quiet for the greater part of the day. Nothing, in fact, can be more beautiful, than the intermingling of these bright lines with the darkness of the reversed cypresses seen against the deep azure of the distant hills in the crystalline waters of the lake, of which some one aptly says, "Deep within its azure rest, white villages sleep silently;" or than their columnar perspective, as village after village catches the light, and strikes the image to the very quietest recess of the narrow water, and the very furthest hollow of the folded hills. From all this, it appears that the effect of the white villa in water is delightful. On land it is quite as important, but more doubtful. The first objection which strikes us immediately when we imagine such a building is, the want of repose, the startling glare of effect, induced by its unsubdued tint. But this objection does not strike us when we see the building; a circumstance which was partly accounted for before, in speaking of the cottage, and which we shall presently see further cause not to be surprised at. A more important objection is, that such whiteness destroys a great deal of venerable character, and harmonizes ill with the melancholy tones of surrounding landscape: and this requires detailed consideration. Paleness of color destroys the majesty of a building; first, by hinting at a disguised and humble material; and secondly, by taking away all appearance of age. We shall speak of the effect of the material presently; but the deprivation of apparent antiquity is dependent, in a degree, on the color, and in Italy, where, as we saw before, everything ought to point to the past, is a serious injury, though, for several reasons, not so fatal as might be imagined; for we do not require, in a building raised as a light summer-house wherein to while away a few pleasure hours, the evidence of ancestral dignity, without which, the château or palace can possess hardly any beauty. We know that it is originally built rather as a plaything than a monument; as the delight of an individual, not the possession of a race; and that the very lightness and carelessness of feeling with which such a domicile is entered and inhabited by its first builder would demand, to sympathize and keep in unison with them, not the kind of building adapted to excite the veneration of ages, but that which can most gaily minister to the amusement of hours. For all men desire to have memorials of their actions, but none of their recreations; inasmuch as we only wish that to be remembered which others will not, or cannot perform or experience; and we know that all men can enjoy recreation as much as ourselves. We wish succeeding generations to admire our energy, but not even to be aware of our lassitude; to know when we moved, but not